

# The Covenant Civil War

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Summary: The Elites have broken away from the Covenant and formed the Elite Alliance.

## 1. Chapter 1

### The Covenant Civil War: Part One

"Alright, warriors of the Sangheili race." The Spec Ops Commander barked, holding his energy sword hilt. "The Brutes have set up a small installation on the surface of the planet we are approaching. It contains suitable atmosphere, so you will not be needing your Ranger equipment. This was formerly a gas purifying plant used by the Forerunners, but it has been retrofitted for military use." The Commander said, his silver armor shining in the dim interior lights of the Phantom. "There are many turrets and most of the enemies are heavily armed—"the Commander was abruptly cut off as there was a huge jolt. Most of the Grunts flew off their feet, and many Elites stumbled. The Arbiter clutched his Carbine and rolled to the floor. The distinct sound of a Shade plasma turret firing off was easily heard. The Phantom began to tilt and it continued to be shaken and jolted. Suddenly, blue plasma smoke began to fill the interior.

>"Hang on, we're going down!" the Commander yelled out. The Grunts screamed, running around in circles. The Arbiter heard the sound of a Wraith firing, and then the Phantom began to spiral around downwards. "We've been hit by a Wraith blast, Commander!" the Arbiter screamed over the sound of the failing engines, the sounds of flak and the screaming of Grunts.<br>"I know, Arbiter! Everyone out of the Phantom! This ship will explode on impact!" the Commander dove for the mini-gravlift, followed by most others on board. The Arbiter grabbed a Grunt who was cowering in fear and leaped through the small hole in the floor.

>He hit the ground hard.<br>The Grunt went rolling away, and the Arbiter was moaning in pain. When the feeling came back into his limbs, he got up and checked his Carbine for damage. There wasn't any, so he headed to where everyone was regrouping.

>The Arbiter heard a huge explosion and looked behind him.<br>The Phantom, still soaring through the air, was spewing blue smoke and parts were falling off it. It was crippled and headed towards the ground.

>"We have no way of getting out of here, Commander!" one Spec.Ops Elite yelled in the Commander's face.<br>"We will find a way. I'm sure the Brutes keep a Phantom or two around here. We might even find some armaments, now we must form our plan of attack..."

Trayr gripped his Brute shot tightly. He looked around, alert and ready for anything. He turned to the Jackal sniper behind him and gave him a hand signal which meant to rally some soldiers. Trayr knew something was not right here. That Phantom went down, but he knew there were survivors. He wanted to search the crash site.

>A few minutes later, Trayr and a small force of Brutes, Jackals and Drones set out to where the Phantom went down. They searched the site only to find some blackened weaponry and the Elite pilot, alive but barely.<br>"Take him to base for interrogation and torture...possibly for branding. "Trayr snarled, punching the Elite in the chest.

>All of a sudden, Trayr heard the sounds of plasma rifle fire. He turned just in time to see a plasma bolt strike one of his comrades and rip through his organs effortlessly, easily killing him. He looked and saw a force of Elites and Grunts, led by the Arbiter.<br>Then, plasma bolts started streaking past them from behind. Another force, led by the Spec.Ops Commander, was closing in on them.

>"We're caught in a pincer manuever! Initiatiate counter measu- "Trayr did not get to finish his sentence. He felt a carbine bolt rip through his skull, and then everything went black.<p>

The Arbiter watched the Brute captain fall down in his 2x scope. He fired off 4 more shots at another Brute, who almost instantly fell over dead, blood flowing freely from the wounds. A Brute fired at him with his brute shot, and he hit the dirt just as another brute grenade passed over his head. He fired at the Brute several times. One shot ripped open the jugular vein of the Brute. Blood spewed out of the Brute's neck like a fountain, spraying all over the place. The Arbiter watched one of his comrades fall to the dirt, heavily wounded by a Jackal sniper. The Arbiter lept over to him and brought him to cover.

>"Arbiter, I am not going to make it..."the Elite sputtered, choking on his own blood. "I'm too heavily wounded...he me in the chest, my heart has literally been pierced. You cannot save me...please, Holy One, give me the Last Rites."<br>The Arbiter, tears welling up in his eyes, hunched down over the Elite. He opened a small book which he kept in his armor all the time, when he needed faith in the gods. He read a page of the book, written for dying soldiers.

>The Elite's eyelids began to close, and then he drifted off into a velvet silence...<br>The Arbiter loaded his carbine, and opened all four mouthparts and screamed in fury. He began shooting madly at every Brute, Jackal, or Drone he saw on the battlefield.

>"DIE, BASTARDS, DIE!" he screamed, pouring laser after laser into the enemies. He loaded his carbine again and fired at a Brute, and it dropped to the ground, blood spewing onto the dirt. The Arbiter sighted a lone Jackal sniper, and ran towards it. The sniper fired off shots at the Arbiter, but all of them ripped into the dirt. The Arbiter towered over the Jackal and dropped his carbine, and took out a small metal object.<br>The Jackal laughed and pointed his sniper at the Arbiter...

>But there was a hiss of energy and the blade of an energy sword

sprung to life.<p>

The Arbiter walked away from the battlefield, holding his carbine. Bodies lay everywhere, both Elite and Brute. He hung his head low, knowing that they had not managed to rescue the prisoner. Or save his friend, Tsla 'Osolmee. He headed towards the recently found Phantom drop ship, and hopped inside the gravlift.

>"Arbiter, what are you wearing around your neck?" an Elite asked him.<br>The Arbiter lifts the object on a small chain to reveal it is the head of a Jackal.

>He held his carbine close to him as the drop ship ascended through the atmosphere.<br>He knew that this was but one mission out of many, and that the Covenant Civil War was going to be a long and painful struggle.

## 2. Chapter 2

### The Covenant Civil War: Part Two

Three Phantoms roared through space, away from the planet they had just besieged. On board one of them was the Arbiter, proud of himself and the Brutes he had slain. An Elite nearby opened the battery compartment of his plasma rifle and fiddled with the battery to increase the rate of fire. Three Grunts were playing a game invented by Covenant soldiers who needed something to do between battles. The Spec.Ops Commander leaned against the wall, surveying his soldiers."Leader, we are approaching the \_Rivalry\_. "The pilot's voice barked over the communications system. The Rivalry was enormous. It dwarfed even the cruisers a Prophet would use. It was one of a mere three heavy starships known as Dreadnaughts. These were the most heavily armed and biggest ships ever to be seen in the Covenant. They were bigger than any Brute or human ship. Two other Dreadnaughts flanked it, the '\_Angel of Death\_' and the '\_Judgment\_'. The \_Rivalry\_ was the biggest of them. The Phantoms landed inside the behemoth's docking bay, and the soldiers lept out of it. They hung their weapons on nearby weapon racks and headed to the bridge. Soon enough, they were on the bridge of the ship. The Arbiter was impressed by the vast view of space...meteorites hurtled past, planets light-years away could be seen, or so it seemed. "Prepare to enter slip space." The Spec.Ops Commander said into his COM link.

>"<em>Judgment</em> is ready." A rough voice said over the COM link.

>"<em>Angel of Death</em> ready for slip space." Another voice exclaimed.

>"Engage!" The Commander yelled.<br>Soon, an aura of blue light appeared in front of them, and they were blasting through slip space.

The Brute Naval Commander, Zauk, sat in his chair. He looked out the main viewing window, ready for anything. He was not surprised to see a blue circle of light appear.

>"Ready your weap-" The Brute Naval Ops Commander suddenly stopped.<br>He had seen the sheer bulk of these 3 ships.

>"By the Forerunners..." He muttered, clenching his fists.<br>"Incoming transmission" The Communications Officer said.

>Three separate faces appeared on the viewscreen. One was a Spec.Ops Elite's the other's was the Spec.Ops Commander, the last was an Elite

Field Commander.<br>"Hello, Brute scum. Surrender and things will be easy...we don't want to fight..." The Field Commander sneered.

>"FIRE ON THOSE SHIPS!" Zauk screamed.<br>A stream of blue plasma headed straight for the Angel of Death, but it was stopped short by energy shields. The Angel responded with a volley of plasma torpedoes, and the Rivalry opened fire with the heavy plasma cannons. Blue beams of plasma shot forth from the Rivalry and struck the hull of a Brute ship. The beam tore straight through the Brute ship and emerged out the other side. The Brute ship almost instantly exploded. The plasma torpedoes struck Zauk's ship, battering it but not destroying it. The lights on board flickered and then went out.

>"Restore the power core. Focus all fire on the Rivalry!" Zauk screeched, slamming his fist on the armrest of his chair.<br>The Rivalry was struck by a plasma blast, and its energy shields dropped low.

>"Set the plasma cannon batteries to full power. Transfer energy from the shields." The Spec.Ops Commander ordered.<br>The Rivalry shot out another beam of blue plasma, destroying another Brute ship.

>"Charge the cannon this time. We're going to pierce that Brute ship's shield and hull at once." The Commander said, beginning to sweat. He heard the plasma cannons charging, but would they charge in time?<br>Yes.

>Another beam of blue plasma shot into space, slamming into the nose of Zauk's ship.<br>The beam ripped through the armor plating and tore apart the bridge. But it did not stop there. It continued to travel down the middle until it reached the core generator, destroying the ship.

>However, there were still nine more Brute ships.<br>"Return the weapon power to normal and give power back to the shielding." The Commander said to his bridge officers.

>"All strike teams, report the boarding pods. I repeat all strike teams to boarding pods." The communications officer said over the intercoms.<br>The Arbiter lept inside a pod, followed by fifteen Elites, four Grunts and two Hunters. The pods on board the Rivalry were big and spacious. The Arbiter walked over to the activation keypad, and punched in several numbers.

>"Pod system accessed. Please select a command." A mechanical voice said.<br>"On my command, launch your pods!" The Commander's voice echoed throughout the interior of the pod, his voice broadcast by the communications.

>"Initiate boarding sequence!" The Commander said.<br>The Arbiter pressed the 'Launch' button on the keypad, and was sent flying backwards into a wall. The pod broke loose from its holding bay and streaked towards a Brute ship.

>The Arbiter clutched his carbine, and there was another jolt .Then, they were shoved forwards by a mini-grav lift. The Grunts tried to stay in the pod, but were swept off their feet. The pod spat them out into a small docking bay, where there were starfighters, dropships and Brutes, Jackals and Drones.<br>The Arbiter fired at a Brute and caught him in the shoulder, and the Brute responded by opening fire with his Brute Plasma Rifle. The Arbiter rolled to avoid the bolts of plasma, then fired off two more shots at the Brute. It fell backwards this time, dead.

>A Grunt, screaming a war cry, charged the Brutes. It was hit by a plasma grenade. Instead of cowering in fear, it ran p to a Brute captain and hugged its leg. The Captain yelled out in terror, and the grenade exploded. Plasma bolts were flying everywhere, and the

Arbiter was hit in the leg. He dropped to the ground and fired at his would-be assailant, sending a searing bolt of energy into a Brute's chest. A thin beam of purple energy whizzed past his head and struck the ground, burning a hole into the floor. Yet another purple beam cut the air, this time hitting him in the chest. He fell over backwards, feigning death. When the sniper aimed for another target, the Arbiter shot at him with his carbine. The Jackal fell from its perch, and hit the ground with a sickening thud. The Arbiter turned and fired at another Brute, who dodged the shot, fired his Brute Shot at the Arbiter. The Arbiter's shields saved him, and he squeezed off a few more shots at the Brute. The Brute's head was torn off its neck as one of the shots struck it in the forehead. The Arbiter crouched down behind the body of a fallen Elite, using it as cover. Plasma bolts and brute grenades soared over his head and struck the body in front of him. He snapped off two quick carbine shots, striking a Brute in the leg and waist. He managed to fire one more shot at the Brute before another Brute let loose a volley of plasma bolts from his Brute plasma rifle. An Elite came to aid the Arbiter, delivering a withering hail of plasma blasts from his dual plasma rifles, suppressing the enemy. The Arbiter took the opportunity and fired at a Drone, and it fell from air and onto a Brute. He fired at the shocked Brute, and sent him reeling over backwards, dead. The last few enemies fled from the hangar to get reinforcements. Most of the Grunts had fallen, four Elites were dead and so was a Hunter.<br>"We cannot stand another wave of enemies. They'll be back; with more men and bigger guns...we have to get out of here." The Elite who had helped the Arbiter said. "Quick, let us board one of the Phantoms and be off." And with that, the strike team boarded one of the Phantoms and blasted out of the hangar

### 3. Chapter 3

#### The Covenant Civil War: Part Three

The Phantom accelerated away from the Brute ship, followed by a volley of plasma blasts similar to the ones Shadow turrets fire, but faster and larger. The pilot pulled off some intense maneuvers but, even then, one or two plasma blasts struck the drop ship. "This is strike team Fate's Hammer. We've pulled back from the ship; we have taken far too many casualties." Zarg Kassad, a Spec.Ops Elite, said into his COM link. "We're headed back to the Rivalry for fresh soldiers. Our boarding pod was a one-way quick assault pod, so we've stolen an enemy Phantom." Zarg said again.

>"Affirmative, Dock in Hangar No.357 for reinforcements and resupply." A voice responded. The Phantom was struck by several more plasma blasts.<br>"Our hull can't take too many more plasma blasts. The engine's can't stand another manuever, be prepared for a possible crash landing." The pilot said into the intercom as more and more plasma blasts battered the ship's hull. It began to spew blue smoke on the left side. Plasma blasts hurtled past the drop ship and into deep space, others continued to score direct hits.

>"Me found the turret that is shooting us!" A Grunt said, operating the turret. The Grunt aims for the anti-fighter weapon and let loose a series of deadly plasma blasts. The enemy turret quickly explodes, and the plasma barrage stops. The Phantom swooped inside the designated docking bay to find tons of well-armed Elites and Grunts waiting in the hangar. Some were rushing to the boarding pods; others were scurrying about, grabbing needlers, carbines, energy swords, plasma pistols, plasma rifles, anything. Some dual-wielded weapons,

others took only one. Forty Elites and thirty grunts got inside a large, spacious pod, even bigger than the one they used before. The remaining members of Fate's Hammer strike team boarded the same pod, and launched again at the same Brute ship, eager to get back into the action. The pod lurched forwards as it was launched from its holding chamber.  
"This is a two-way assault pod. It is armed with light plasma cannons, and can be attached and detached to an enemy ship." A mechanical voice said, describing the pod. The pod slammed into the side of the Brute ship, and the soldiers poured out. The Arbiter prepared to fire his carbine...

>But nobody was there.  
"Odd...the Brutes should be on full watch for enemies or boarding pods...something's not right." The Arbiter said, "Alert, the Brutes should be here...more heavily armed than they were last time...and with more soldiers..." Zarg said. Something was terribly wrong, and they all knew it. Suddenly, there was a loud clang from above, then silence.

>"Something not only feels wrong, something smells wrong...smell the air..." Zarg says.  
The Arbiter smelled a putrid stench in the air. His eyes suddenly widened with fear.

>"Brothers! To the pods! This ship must be destroyed at once!" The Arbiter yelled. Suddenly, the vent smashed open, and a dozen Flood infection forms spilled out of the vent.  
"THE PARASITE!" One Grunts screamed. The Flood was all over the poor creature in seconds, and one burrowed into its chest.

>The strike team dashed to where the pod was. The Arbiter noticed the body of a Brute who was wearing the colors of a Naval Captain.  
"This scum must have had something to do with it..." The Arbiter says. He fired his carbine at the infection forms while he grabbed a item labeled "Log" that was clipped onto the Captain's combat belt. The Arbiter crouched down low and destroyed the rest of the infection forms with a grenade, and then he ran to the pod. A warrior form lept down behind him, but the Arbiter reacted by firing several shots into the creature's chest. He ran forwards and found some cover behind a stationary sniping shield, avoiding the plasma blasts that were flying at him. He then lept out from behind his cover and fired at the warrior form that was closest to him. The energy bolts ripped through the parasite's body mass and instantly killed it. The Arbiter walked backwards slowly, keeping up the fire on the parasites finally made it to the pods, and hopped inside. It jettisoned from the enemy ship and back to the Rivalry. Moments later, the Flood-infected ship was blown to smithereens by the Angel of Death. The final Brute ship attempted to flee, but a beam of blue plasma fired by the Rivalry easily destroyed it. The 3 Dreadnaughts had sustained minimal damage, and they prepared to enter slip space again. A blue aura engulfed the 3 ships, and they were gone in a brilliant flash of light.

#### \*\*Elite Alliance Shipyard 'Zaxxon'\*\*

>The Arbiter carried the small, silver orb he had labeled "Log" up to where the three Commanders of the Dreadnaughts were waiting. He placed the orb on a sleek, purple table and pressed a small button on the front. It showed a small hologram of a Brute.  
"Naval Captain Vlad, 2552, Ninth Age of Reclamation. Our current project has not been successful. The parasite seemingly cannot be tamed..." The hologram started to say.

>"That's why the parasite was on board the ship. "The fool!" Zarg said, clenching his fist. The Arbiter turned off the log.  
"That is all we needed to know. That idiot tried to tame the parasite...let us hope there are no others out there who think they can do the same."

"The Arbiter said, still holding his carbine.

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### The Covenant Civil War: Part Four

Deep inside the bowels of the enormous Dreadnaught \_Rivalry\_, the Arbiter sat in the meditation chamber.

>There are many Elites around him, all silent and meditating on the floor. They didn't believe in the Prophets, but they believed in the Forerunners, who they still hailed as gods.<br>The Arbiter was not contacting his ancestors however. He was thinking about the parasite. He was still shaken by his encounter with the fearsome beasts, on board the Brute ship. The \_Rivalry\_ cruised through space slowly, before coming to a site the Arbiter knew all too well. It was a giant ring in space, with a surface that was a pattern of green, blue, brown, white, and more. These were dense jungles and forests, clear blue seas, freezing ice plateaus, and vast deserts.

>Halo.<br>The Arbiter felt a warm sensation inside him. This ring meant many things to him. He had mixed feelings about it.

>He had failed to protect the first Halo, and as punishment was tortured and branded with the Mark of Shame. However, his most glorious battles took place on this Halo: against the Brutes, exterminating the parasite, slaying Tartarus-whatever .The <em>Rivalry</em> was clearly going to drop them on the ring.

>"Attention. All members of Fate's Hammer strike team proceed to the gravlift. "The Commander said over the intercom.<p>

Quite a while later, the Arbiter was at the gravlift. He checked his grenades and made sure he had as much ammo as he could carry for his carbine. Then, the Spec.Ops Commander walked into the room.

>"We're going to drop you for a heavy assault mission on a Brute fortress. Not a base, a <strong>FORTRESS</strong>! Be on the alert. It is heavily armed and the soldiers are well-equipped. The reason we are not blowing it to smithereens with this ship is because we want to capture it for our own. Chances of survival are minimal...however, you are the best of the best, afraid of nothing! For eons, soldiers and warriors have fought for or against the Covenant, attracted by promises of spiritual or overall glory. The first conflict on Halo was a great blow to us, and entire armada, destroyed. But we survived...to fight another day! Go my warriors, slay the enemy!" The Spec.Ops Commander said, and then the gravlift opened, and the members of Fate's Hammer strike team were dropped by the gravlift.

As soon as they hit the ground, it seemed, the firefight began.

>The Brutes opened fire with their devastating weapons, Brute shots rained down hellfire upon the strike team's members. A Hunter nearby was struck by several plasma blasts and a Brute grenade, and it went tumbling over backwards, crushing several Grunts.<br>"Suppress the enemy!" The Arbiter roared, firing his carbine out into the midst of the smoke.

>The Elites did as they were told, and fired upon the Brutes so that most took cover. Those that didn't were picked off by the snipers covering the rear flanks of Fate's Hammer.<br>The Brutes now were spending more time taking cover than firing, and the Elites began to pepper their hiding positions with plasma grenades. Many Brutes were crushed or injured by large barrels or weapon holsters that they were

hiding behind. The Arbiter loaded a fresh clip into his carbine and continued firing. Another Elite was killed by several red plasma bolts to the chest, another had his arm blown off by a Brute grenade. Things looked grim for both sides, and the battle hadn't been going for even 15 minutes.

>The Arbiter took cover behind a weapons holster, and when the Brutes were suppressed enough, he would pick them off with his carbine. He saw one chance left: an all-out assault.  
"Assault their position!" The Arbiter screamed over the sounds of plasma bolts, exploding grenades and the cries of dying soldiers.

>The Elites, Hunters and Grunts that were left dashed for the Brutes, who were delivering a withering hail of plasma blasts and grenades.  
Tons of soldiers fell dead on the ground during the charge. The Arbiter fired his carbine at a Brute who was berserking, and the shot entered the back of the neck, ripping through the windpipe and esophagus and killing the beast. The Brutes made an attempt to retreat, but the snipers and main infantry were all over them in seconds. The Arbiter fired multiple times at a Brute that was heroically charging them. The shots all hit him in the chest, and he fell down, dead, face-down in a pool of his own blood.

>The battle was over, but they had not taken the fortress.  
The Arbiter looked around...

>There were 3 members of Fate's Hammer left, out of the 45 that went down from the gravlift. The Arbiter knew they could not take the base...there was no hope left.  
The remaining 2 Elites and the 1 Grunt looked around at the devastation. The Arbiter saw Field Commander Zarg on the ground, heavily wounded by plasma bolts, and unconscious.

>"Okay, so there are four left..." The Arbiter said to himself. He walked over to Zarg.  
"We need Zarg back on the \_Rivalry\_...come, my brothers." The Arbiter said, picking up Zarf's unconscious body. He walked amongst the bodies...

>He saw Zuka Zamamee, the sarcastic, happy Elite, dead on the ground, a gaping hole in his stomach.  
He saw Yuuk, the Grunt who was always acting funny or scared to keep Fate's Hammer entertained, lying dead with one of his legs blown off.

>He saw Sesa Yaseem, the serious, hardcore, warrior Elite, dead with one of his arms bitten up and scratched, and his ribcage torn open by a Brute grenade. The Arbiter could tell it was a grenade from the shrapnel in his torn apart chest.  
This was a sad place now.

>The Spec.Ops Commander's pep talk back on the ship had incited all these soldiers to fight for glory, and for the Elite Alliance.  
They fought, and died, as they were born to do.

>They were hopefully in the realm of the gods now, at peace forever, thier task in this world completed...  
The Arbiter and the 3 others boarded the gravlift. The Arbiter took one last look at the bodies.

>He knew it was destiny that they fought and died this day. This was a fast, bloody skirmish. The fortress wasn't theirs yet...  
But it would be soon.

>The Arbiter felt his whole body shake, and he was sucked up into the ship via the gravlift.  
Zarg was rushed to the infirmary as soon as they were back on the ship.

>The Arbiter sighed to himself, his head hung low.  
He shook his head, still mourning for his brothers. He felt that this was his fault, that he had been the one who told them to assault the Brutes.

>There might have been more soldiers left alive, but it was his decision.  
He placed his carbine in the armory, fully loaded and ready to go. His ammunition cartridges he kept, however.

>He strode towards the meditation chamber. Upon arrival, he sat down among the other Elites, cleared his mind about the friends he lost, and meditated, his mind drifting towards the gods, to the place where his brothers now dwelt for eternity. He hoped they did not blame him for their death. He felt their spirits in the realm of the gods, forever at peace.<p>

To be continuedâ€|â€|

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*Elite Alliance Dreadnaught Battle Cruiser \_Rivalry\_\*\*

>The <em>Rivalry</em> drifted slowly through the silent vacuum of space, tailed by the two other Dreadnaughts and the rest of the Elite Alliance fleet.

>Truth's ship had been spotted, accompanied by an enormous armada. It was time to take revenge.<br>In the massive armory of the ship, Elite Rangers were putting on their space suits and grabbing their plasma rifles, carbines, energy swords, grenades, whatever. They put on their jetpacks and left for the hangar. The ground soldiers checked grenades, tweaked weapon batteries, and grabbed fuel cells for carbines. The Arbiter checked his grenades, and held his carbine to his chest.

>"This war will be over today, whether we win or lose." Zagreb said, his plasma rifles held in excellent dual-wielding posture.<br>"Yes...but today, the truth will be exposed to the fools who follow the Prophet of Truth...the Brutes think they can wipe us off of the face of the universe, as if we are disposable. But we are not. We shall crush them under our feet." The Arbiter snarled. The soldiers assembled near the boarding pods, ready to attack Truth's ship once all the others were destroyed. Then, the Covenant fleet emerged from slipspace. Truth's carrier was surrounded by thousands of warships.

><strong>Bridge on the <em>Rivalry</em>\*</strong>

>"Prepare to fire heavy plasma cannons and plasma torpedoes. Hit the weakest group of ships surrounding Truth's carrier. We'll punch a hole right through them." The Spec.Ops Commander, Half Jaw, barked at a crewman.30 seconds later, a volley of red torpedoes and several beams of blue plasma shot out at the Covenant fleet, striking the weakest group of ships. There were explosions everywhere, and when one ship exploded, the other was engulfed in the blast.<br>"Excellent. Fire again, this time at some battleships." Half Jaw grinned as best as a Sangheili with two mandibles missing could, and several more blue beams ripped through space and slammed into the side of a Covenant gunship, ripping through its armor. The massive ship rolled over from the force of the plasma beams, like a fish rolls over when it's dead, and it exploded in a flash of light, sending debris everywhere.

><strong><em>Rivalry</em> pod bay\*</strong>

>"Brothers..."The Arbiter began.<br>"The Prophet has tricked those who used to be our comrades into thinking that Halo will burn a path into the Divine Beyond, and The Great Journey will begin. He does not know what the ring is for...the Oracle exposed the truth to us all. It was on that very same day that I hung Tartarus' head around my neck as a trophy...the Prophet's lies are like a veil of shadows, blinding our former comrades, keeping them from the truth. Today, my brothers, we lift that veil..." The Arbiter said, raising his carbine high into the air. All the Elites, Grunts, and Hunters around him roared loudly, lifting their weapons up into the air as high as they

could.

>The Arbiter stepped inside the boarding pod with his soldiers, and there was a jolt as it was jettisoned towards Truth's ship.<br>They were soon forced forwards into the meditation chamber of Truth's ship. Many Brutes jumped to their feet, but some were shot dead before they got up.

>The Arbiter raised his carbine to his eye and fired at a Jackal, who raised his shield and began to fire through the notch in the design. The Arbiter swiftly shot through the notch, and blew off the Jackal's hand. It wailed in pain and stumbled backwards, and the Arbiter sent a searing green bolt of energy through its head, killing it immediately.<br>Zagreb raised his plasma rifles level with a Brute's chest, and let a withering hail of plasma bolts rip through its muscles. The smell of burning flesh filled the air, and the Brute collapsed to the ground, twitching in its final movements.

>The soldiers began to pepper the enemy with grenades, and explosions of blue plasma were going off everywhere. The Arbiter ducked as a flurry of red plasma whizzed past his head. He rolled out of the way of a plasma grenade, and fired at a Brute's skullcap. The helmet it was wearing was blown off its head, and the shot emerged out the other side and burned a small hole in the wall. The once pearlescent, sleek, and shiny walls were now steeped in blood and burn marks. Stray bolts of plasma or energy had shot many of the purple, pulsating lights that lined the walls and the doors out. This once peaceful zone was becoming a living hell. Dying soldiers screamed, plasma bolts tore through the air high and low. The Arbiter fired several times at another Brute, striking it in the chest. A fountain of blood spurted from the heavily wounded Brute, and it fell to the ground, its dying scream eventually stopped by the gurgle of blood in its throat. The last Drone finally fell from the ceiling, and the soldiers moved on into the vast hallways of Truth's ship.<p>

End  
file.